## THE BREAKING OF A GAMBLER'S LUCK

A Freeze-Out Game of Poker on the Mississippi in Which a Woman Was One of the Stakes,

eyou was askin' if there wa'n't never no femance onto the river house or the old Aura, and Calab Mix, the varence barrander a the Mississippi River packet City of

the according hard front before this been called away from his questioner by three commers who seemed to arouse his hearty disapprovat. He waited on them in silence, with grave configure; then, when they tuened exax, he replaced his hereins behind the hare here the these glasses that had been in not and through the open window, and money back to his questioner.

don't 'pear to call to mind nothin' to called a commen," he said thoughtfully, 'but there sure was don's, Things bappened on some of the boats them times, when men an' women was mixed up, an' there was runaway matches, an' niggera a helpin' their young misay or their ole marse, just as happened, with now an' again more or less shootin', but and what you'd rightly call romance.

Some o' them stories sure was excitin' though. 'Peared like there wa'n't no stoppin' of a real thoroughbred Southern gentleman when his blood was het, an' as fr the Southern ladies, there wa'n't no purer, better, higher spirited women earth than them, but when one on em did take the bit in her teeth she were like any thoroughbred filly that goes mad. There wa'n't many such cases, an' what

there was, there was monstrous few knowed about 'em. Most gen'ly somebody died sudden, an' then there wa'n't no more said. On'y on the boats we used to know more or less, 'count o' them 't was leavin' home most gen'ly goin' by boat, seein' there wa'n't no other way o' goin'.

There was a trip I made on the Belle o' the Bayous, 'long in the late '50s, 't were some excitin' 'count o' several people bein' aboard 't had better been tol'able well separated-say about a thousand mile

"We was to pull out f'm New Orleans late that night f'r a run as fur as Memphis. but there was consid'able freight comin' on, that made us later, an' made some confusion, too, but I seen a gambler 't I knowed tol'able well comin' on board long about 9 o'clock, with a lady an' her maid, the maid bein' a nigger gal, o' course, but tol'able nigh white at that.

'O' course, I knowed somepin was wrong. Dick Merrill wa'n't no ways likely to be travelin' with no lady for no good. He wa'n't married, nor he hadn't no kin, so fur 's anybody knowed, an' yet he wa'n't no ways likely to be carryin' none o' the other kind with him onto a river boat. He was too well known hisself, an' be knowed too many on 'em, different places up an' down the river.

He were a monstrous hansum young feller, with th' dashin' ways an' th' smooth tongue that made him a favorite with women, but, o' course, bein' a gambler 'twa'n't to be looked for 't a lady'd know him to speak to. An' when I seen this one I seen she were a lady.

"He sent her into the saloon, an' me

standin' by, seen, when she come into the light, 't she were young an' pretty as a picter. She wa'n't much more'n a gal, an' she hung onto her maid like she was scared to death, an' didn't have no confidence in her legs.

"Dick went straight to the cap'n's office and dickered with the clerk f'r two state-rooms, payin' passage to Memphis f'r two an' a nigger. O' course, that was right enough 's fur 's it went, but it didn't make it clear why Dick Merrill sh'd be takin' a young gal up the river, even if she did have

"I was reck'nin' on talkin' it over with the cap'n, but I didn't get no chanst at him just then, an' some later I seen the nigger gal watchin' out f'r somepin' or somebody. 'Course I didn't know what, but I got an idee when I seen her dodge tack an' run into her missis's stateroom hasty, just as a elderly man 't I knowed by sight come across the gangplank an' walked over to the cap'n's office, where the

"It were a man named--- well, never mind what his name was. He may have kin livin' now, f'r all 's I know, Call him Gregory. Well, Gregory was a bank president, an' cuite much of a man every vay, even if he was consid'able of a spo't outside o' business hours.

"He took a stateroom an' paid his money, an' then come straight to my room an' took an onrighteous big horn o' brandy an' lighted a cigar. I seen 't he were shook up consid'able, an' looked mighty white, but he didn't say nothin' to me, o' course, nor I

"When he'd gone out on deck to smoke I went lookin' f'r the cap'n, f'r the boat had started just as Gregory come aboard. Peared he were in desprit haste, f'r he hadn't no baggage with him, nor no nigger. Just drove up on a tear, without a minute

When I begin tellin' th' old man about Dick Merrill an' the gal, he says:
"My Gowd, I wonder if that's Gregory's

Then he told me 't Miss Lucy Gregory'd "Then he told me takiss Lucy Gregory a run away f'm school three days afore, an' they 'd been tippin' New Orleans up-sid's down, tryin' to find her, an' tryin' at the same time to keep it quiet. "I didn't say nothin', bein' as there wa'n't

nothin' to say, an' the old man 'peared to study a whole lot f'ra spell. Then he says:

"Well, Cale, I don't know nothin' f'r sure. Maybe we'll learn somethin' in the mornin'. Meantime, we hadn't better say nothin' to nobody.' An' he went off about his business.

say nothin' to nobody.' An' he went off about his business.

"I seen it was up to me to stand by f'r Gregory was prowlin' about the boat like a ghost. We heer'd after 't somebody 'd give him the tip 't Miss Lucy 'd gone up the river, but he hadn't no notion she were on the same boat with him.

"Just natural, he were nigh crazy, an' he were drinkin' brandy enough to kill him every half hour or so, 'thouten its tak n' no holt on him whatever. He just drinked an' smoked an' walked about,

drinked an' smoked an' walked about, sayin' nothin'.

"ther Dick Merrill come a saunterin' out i'm the saloon. I knowed him, same's everybody knowed him i'r the worst daredevilon the river.

devilon the river.

"There wa'n't nothin' he was afraid o', nor there wa'n't nothin' he wouldn't do f'r excitement, but I says to myself 't he surely couldn't know who 'twas 't he was lable to run up against. An' still I knowed he must know, f'r Miss Lucy's maid had had plenty o' time to give him the tip.

"Well, he come out smokin', an' strollin' 'round as cool as a mint julep, an' kep' it up f'r maybe half an hour. 'Peared like he wa'n't takin' no notice o' Gregory, an',

up f'r maybe half an hour. 'Peared like he wa'n't takin' no notice o' Gregory, an', 's fur 's I c'd see, Gregory didn't take no notice o' him.

"Bimeby, when everybody else had gone to bed, I seen Merriil go up to Gregory an say somepin to him. O' course, 'twa'n't nothin' to me what he sh'd say, but I'd made up my mind to stard by that right, whatever happened, an' I stepped outside o' my room an' fair strained my ears a-lis-

First I heer'd was Merrill sayin', ''Pears like you was troubled some like I am to-night. I ain't in no humor to go to sleep. What do you say to a freeze-out, just for to pass the time? It's better'n walkin' 'round smokin' ourselves to death.

"An' Gregory he sort o' pulled hisself together an' I thought he was goin' to say mi, but he' peared to think again, an' he cays' All right. Anything is bester a thin.' So, Marrill he called to me to fotch the cards

So Morrill he orther for me to fotch the cards an' chips.

"O' course I fetched 'em, an' just as I come up to the table I hear'd Merrill say. What shall it he? A hundred a side? an' treasery says, nervous like, Oh. I don't care. Make it a thousand if you like. "Now I knowed well enough that'd suit Merrill down to the ground if he was fixed. There sayn't no game heavy enough i'r him, when he had the morrey.

This he never give no sign. All's he call was, 'very well. A thousand it is.'

An' he said it like he was falkin' about two bits.

An' he safet is like he was talkin' about two hate.

So they each took a stack, makin' the chips offy dollars appiere, an' each on 'emistic a thousand dollar bill on the table.

The saw a good many games o' draw in my time, but I never seen one 't was quicker over a that one was. They cut for deal an' Gregory took the deck. Merrill put up a chip an' when Gregory seen his hand he came in, puttin' up two.

Then Merrill tooked at his cards an' says. 'We might play this for a couple o' more, an' he throws three chips into the pet, making a raise o' a hundred.

Then Gregory says Two more, meanin' two hundred, if he puts in aix chips, an' Merrill smiles, an' he says, While we are about it, we might as well make it another two, and he shoves in eight chips.

Then Gregory didn't say nothin', but he shoves his stack all for'ard, an' Dick, just as steady as him, sees the raise.

O' course, there wa'n't no more money in the game, but when Gregory picks up the deck to serve the draw. Dick says, I reckon these'll do me. Help yourself, An' he throws his hand on the table, face up, showin' a ace full.

Gregory looked at it mighty steady for a minute, an' then he says: 'Looks to me, stranger, like that was monstrous poor play. I was goin' to stand pa myself havin' a king full, but bein' as you've, showed your hand afore you'd any call to do it, I reckon I'll have to pull for another king.'

O' course, Merrill seen how stupid he'd been, an' it sure was amazin' f'r a p'fessional to make such a play, but he on'y smiled, bein' good grit, an says, 'Go ahead. You may get it.

"Then Gregory showed down his own."

You may get it.'
"Then Gregory showed down his own cards. He reely had the king full, an throwin' away the two sevens, he says I'll take two,' an' he deals 'em out slow

face up.
"The first card was a ace, an' when Dick see it he turned white, just for a min-ute, for o'course he'd ha' got that card if he'd drawed. But the next card was a

"There ain't no disputin' of it, them

"There ain't no disputin' of it, them p'fessionals that played them days sure did have nerve. Dick sort o' drawed one quick breath, an' then he said, just as pleasant as if he'd won:

"There ain't no kick comin'. You win all right. On'y it sure does look like them cards needed consid'able more shuffiin' afore we play another hand.' An' he shoves over another thousand dollar bill to Gregory an' picks up the deck.

"Gregory gives him his stack to begin again, and they goes on playing. Just natural, they don't have no such tussle on the next deal, but it didn't take no time to see 't Gregory had set in with his luck

to see 't Gregory had set in with his luck right with him.

"They played, maybe, a dozen hands, an' Gregory'd won nigh half o' Merrill's stack when Merrill catched a ace-high flush on his own deal an' made it two hun-

dred to play.
"Gregory looked kind o' doubtful f'r s minute, an' then he put up the money, an' took three cards. Merrill, o' course, stood pat, an' throwed in another hun-

stood pat, an' throwed in another hundred.

"Gregory looked at his cards, an' says,
I tap you,' an' Merrill looked like he was
goin' to lay down, but after a minute he
peared to think Gregory was bluffin', so
he called, an' Gregory showed a small full.

"Merrill cussed a little under his breath,
but he throwed over his thousand again,
an' says, "This surely ain't no sort of a game
to help a feller go to sleep.' An' he laughed
a little when he got his chips again.

"Peared to me, though, like he were
some nervous, an' I seen 't there wa'n't
no more thousands on the outside of his
wad. O' course, there wa'n't no tellin'
what more he mo'ght have in his jeans.

"But he plaved along, like the chips was

"But more ne morgat have in his jeans."
"But he plaved along, like the chips was nothin' but chicken feed, till somepin like ha'f an hour later. He was first up, an' then down, but he didn't make no gre't wins an' Gregory's luck 'peared to stay with him, for the first time they got big was the biggest. hands together his was the biggest. I

on his.

"When he seen it was gone, he leaned hack and looked at Gregory for a speil, like he was makin' up his mind to say somepin' and wa'n't quite settled in his mind how to say it. I reckon Gregory was lookin' f'r him to ask f'r a lean, but he didn't like to offer it, so he didn't say nothin'. I knowed letter, f'r I knowed Merrill wa'n't ho squaler whatever else he might he. no squealer, whatever else he might le, but it plumb took my breath when he did

was big enough for Merrill to lose his pile

speak.
"He leaned for'ard an' looked Gregory 

thought he'd shoot.

"But Merrill was as cool as ever. He never flinched.

"'There's a good many more'n you think knows about that, Mr. Gregory. Now you want to find her, an' I know where she is. I'll tell you what I'll do. You put up five thousand, and we'll play a freezeout. If you win I'll tell you where you can find her. If I win—well, I won't say what I'll do, but I'll have the money.'

"I thought Gregory'd choke when he heard this. He were that mad he couldn't speak, but a'ter a little he bust out:

"Do you call yourself a man, sir, and make a proposition like that?'

"Oh, yes, I'm a man,' said Merrill; 'but you forget—maybe you don't know—I'm a gambler, an' I'm tryin' to break my luck. I'd do a dam' sight more'n that rather'n have a run o' hard luck fastened onto me.'

"Gregory was mad enough to kill him, but he seen how cool he was an' I reckon he thought the on'y way to get to know about his daughter was to take the chance. An' besides e'd been drinkin', so 't his head couldn't ha' bern alto gether clear, so he divided the chips once more an' shoved half over to Merrill.

"They're two hundred and fifty now,"

head count to be some more an' shoved half over to Merrill.

"They're two hundred and fifty now,' he said, 'an' I'll stand for 'em.'

"That freeze-out took nigh an hour. If there was any bluffin' did, 'twa'n't called, an' as fur as I c'd see the hands was played for just what they was worth, but chip after chip went to Gregory without Merrill bein' able to get ahead o' the game once.

"He'd win, now an' again, a little, but never enough to do him no good, an' the last chip went to Gregory on a measly two pair when both on 'em drawed three cards.

"When it was finished both men was white as paper. They looked at each other for a full minute afore Gregory said:

"Well!"

"Then Merrill straightened up, and I could see his right hand movin' to'ard his hip, but he caught his breath an' spoke steady enough.

"She's in my stateroom,' he said.

"She's in my stateroom, he said.
"There was one thing about them old time gamblers. They never welched, but they paid when they lost. Merrill had paid his losin's, but it was the last thing he ever

did.

"Gregory snarled like a wild beast, an' afore Merrill c'd move he was acrost the table an' had his long fingers locked around the neck o' the man't stole his daughter.

"I thought Merrill' d pull his gun, but his neck must ha' been broke instant. When Gregory seen he was dead he let go an' fell in his chair.

"That suited me. I dragged Merrill's body into my room an' locked the door afore goin' after the old man, an' there wa'n't none o' the other passengers ever knowed what happened.

"Gregory took his daughter up to Vicksburg an' put her in a convent there, but here to be the state of the

burg an' put her in a convent there, but the nigger maid he took back home to New Orleans. I al'ays felt kind o' sorry for her. "I don't call to mind no romances onto the boats, but there sure was doin's occa-sional."

A VISIT TO A DOG HOSPITAL.

PHINGS A VISCEON LEARNED

ABOUT CANINE ILLA.

The Pire 19ng That Brake tile Look, but Will Laving the About Again Victors of High Living The Happy Wother and Her Pupples Cruetty and Minchess.

He was only a little yellow dog, but he

howing piteously.

The car stopped, the passengers got of and provided about the little yellow heap, which, struggling and quivering, lay upon the track where the fender had thrown him. Other care came along and a crowd Better shoot him, said one man.

"Why don't you pick him up; goin' to le the poor beast lie there on the track all day?" marled another to the motorman. Send for an ambulance," auggeste. another man.

"Get the police," said a fourth In the midst of it all a quiet, modest look ing woman in a grey bonnet slipped through the crowd, picked up the meaning, shuddering little creature in her arms, and started almost at a run up the atreet.

"Here!" shouted the motorman. "Where But the woman paid no attention. With murmured words of sympathy and comniseration to the mangled little form her arms she hurried on until she reached a building where there is a sign on the window which reads, "Dog and Cat Hospital Clinics held daily." Into this place she hurried, and with scarcely a word of explanation put the dog into the arms of a tall, boyish looking young fellow who came forward to receive her.

"Can you save him?" she asked briefly. "We can try," he answered. "He's in pretty bad way, but if he is not injured too badly internally we can save him. This

Without waiting the young surgeon hurried with the patient into the operating room. The woman shivered. Just then gruff growl fell upon her ears.

"What if the leg does come off?" it seeme to say. "That's nothing to what I had to go through. I had a broken neck, and they fixed me up all right."

The woman turned with a start, to see great, majestic looking hound beside her, about whose neck was a long, white, jagged scar. He looked up into her face with a friendly glance and a wag of his

"Don't be afraid," he said, "They will bring him through all right; they do every day. Why, do you know that right here in this hospital between 125 and 130 dogs every day, to say nothing of cats, are treated and cured. Now, you let him take your little dog--"

"He isn't mine," said the woman, found him on the street, a car had run over him, and-- "

"Yes, that's it; happens every day; only dog, you know-what's the difference? But never mind, you leave him to the doc. he'll fix him up all right, and you come with me. I'll show you a lot of things you have never seen before." Then he went ahead, and she followed

him through the operating room, where everything was spotlessly clean, and where, on a tiny white operating table, the little

on a tiny white operating table, the little mongrel already lay quivering and moaning feebly, while the doctor with sleeves rolled to his shoulders was sterilizing a number of villainous looking instruments which made her feel cold and sick.

"Chloroform make you feel sick?" inquired her friend the hound, politely, noticing her pallor. "It always does me. Brings back those days when I was trying to live with a broken neck."

"Broken neck?" inquired the woman faintly. "Why, I thought——"
"Yes, and so did everybody else. Nobody thought I could live; but I did. You see it was like this. I'm a fire dog——"
He said this so proudly that the woman felt that she must make some polite ac-

felt that she must make some polite ac-knowledgment, although she had not the remotest idea of what a fire dog might be, sociating it somehow with fireplace associating it somehow with inclined and group and such things. But she inclined her head pleasantly and said:
"Indeed?"
"Yes, I belong to Engine 28, and I go to all the fires. Fact, I hardly believe the boys

all the fires. Fact, I hardly believe the boys would turn out unless I was along.
"Well, one day I started to a fire in a "Well, one day I started to a fire in a big hurry, and somehow or other I got knocked over, went under the truck head first, and got my neck broken. 'Course they thought it was all up with Barney, but they brought me here, and you can see for vourself how they fixed me up.

"But I had my head in a plaster cast for more than six weeks. Nasty thing a plaster cast, hope your little friend won't have to wear one."

The woman hoped not, and stopped herears with her hands as she heard a faint

ears with her hands as she heard a faint howl and moan from behind the closed

door of the operating room.

"Just follow me," continued the hound.
"Here are the cages, and I'll introduce you to some of my friends." to some of my friends."

In a long, bright, airy room were a number of cages, tier above tier, in every one of which was some hattered, broken, sick or alling member of the canine family, all looking wistfully and weakly out between their bars like prisoners who had abandoned all bore.

all hope.
"Now this," said the hound, "this Great

their bars like prisoners who had abandoned all hope.

"Now this," said the hound, "this Great Dane here belongs to a wealthy clubman who'd lose his yacht rather than Blucher. He's worth about \$2,000, but he's a mighty sick dog.

"What's the matter with him? Same thing that's the matter with his master. Chronic indigestion. Lived too high.

"You should have seen him when they brought him here. He looked like a skeleton. Was so weak he could hardly walk three steps and was kept alive for weeks on reptonized milk.

"But he's better now. Doo thinks he'll pull him through and make a well dog of him. Hope the big bugs doctoring his master can do as well for him.

"See that pretty little fox terrier over there? Can't see much of her now on account of all the bandages and blankets and poultices she's got on, but she's a beauty all right when she's well. She's got pneumonia bad. Doo's been sittin' up with her nights. We thought she was going to die sure, but she's a little better to-day; she has but very little fever."

"Fever?" said the woman incredulously, "I didn't know that dogs ever had fever."

The hound looked at her patronizingly.

"Why, sure they have," he said in a kind explanatory tone, "dogs have almost every disease known to humans, and the treatment for them is nearly the same.

"There's that little 'silk poodle' over there, now. She's just a victim of too much luxury. Her mistress just adores her. Like a whole lot of other high livers she is suffering from too rich food, too much luxury, and too little exercise."

"I don't suppose that dog has had her feet on the ground for years. Now you know no dog can be well and live like that. It is enough to ruin any dog's health and temper to be toted and carried and pampered all the time and never let out to have a bit of a run or play, but always held onto a piece of string with never a breath of fresh air except from a carriage seat or a maid's arms.

"No wonder she's sick. She's been exercised on three times, and I guess after

a piece of string with next active seat or a maid's arms.

"No wonder she's sick. She's been operated on three times, and I guess after all she'll never get back to that home of luxury where they are mourning and waiting for her."

The hound seemed quite cast down for a time, and the woman pressed her face against the bars and looked into the cage, where a little fluff of tan colored silky hair lay stretched out upon a cushion with a woful, weary, patient little face looking out, with big soft eyes that looked almost human in their suffering.

"That's what some folks may call kindness," grewled the hound, "but I call it cruelty to animals."

A great barking and squealing and

equirming distracted his aftersion, and he cheered up and looked alort and alive again as they stopped before a large cage. Allor with fresh, clean arraw, where a dainty mite of a little terrier mother was froling-ing with a whole neatful of pigh and white labors.

ing with a whole needful of pipe and white hubber.

As the women and her quice stopped percent on regether mother larked profilly and leaped to the front of the cage, where the stood regarding the housed with eaving full good of the cage, where the stood regarding the housed with eaving full good of the cage, where the stood regarding the housed with eaving full good of the cage, the self-expression of glonaure.

Now that's what I call structure or animals, he said, approvingly. You see the sort sold at (1, she's as well and hearty as can be, but at (1, she's as well and hearty as can be, but at (1, she's as well and hearty as can be, but at (1, she's as well and hearty as can be folge that own for any here we she and the lattice should have the right kind of care. Pretty, and they the right kind of care. Pretty, and they the house could when and that less as even the housed could when and that less as even the housed could when and that we see it is passing on to the kenyael of a beautiful coille dog, who, with leg bound up in splints, was looking plaintively out through the hars, when the voice of the deer or was learn being them, as with learning face he hurried toward them.

votes of the deer or was leard being as with beaming face he hurried toward them.

"He's all right," he said cheerfully. Went through the operation bravely and is coming out of it well. He is not in justed mishing out of it well. He is not in justed mishing out of it well. He is not not make him here with us for a while I think we can pull him through all right. Of course he will have to go through life on three legs, but "But that is not so had, after all, when we think of how many humans have to go with one," said the woman.

"Or none," growled the hound.

As the three passed back through the hospital they saw a few cages and a number of sunny windows which sheltered some mangy and decrepit cats. There were split ears, amputated tails and broken legs among them, and a few ailing and sickly looking pussies sunned themselves disspiritedly in the windows, while a large, handsome and dignified cat with a cost like shining black satin, who had been brought to the hospital for treatment and never reclaimed, dozed in the cushions of an armchair.

"Of course," muttered the hound, with a sniff of disgust. "Of course we've got to take care of 'em when they are sick or get hurt, but cats don't amount to much anyhow, and few people care to pay for their care and cure. It's different with a dog. We don't get many cuts sent in, but once in a while a really valuable cat—a scatago—comes here to be cured. The clinic is for cats as well as dogs, and sometimes the kids around here bring in a lot."

"Is—is the treatment expensive?" inquired the woman.

The hound barked.

"Not a bit," he explained. "Hardly in the continued of the

quired the woman.
The hound barked.
"Not a bit," he explained. "Hardly covers the expense of medicine and food, to say nothing of the care. But Doe he loves animals, and he just can't help taking care of them. Why, many a time I've seen him come back from uptown with two or three sick dogs and a pocketful of kitens, just because he felt sorry for them.
"Hum! fifty cents a day! It costs that much for meat and milk for a good sized dog.

dog.

"You see, they take care of horses, too, here. We have an alarm, and night or day Doc is called out whenever a horse is hurt, or any accident happens to a horse on the street. We have a fire alarm here in the hospital, and we always go when there is a chance that any animal is hurt or needs our attention."

our attention."
Their walk had by this time brought them back to the front of the hospital, where on a soft bed of cushions lay the little yellow "He will soon be all right," said the dog

doctor stooping and gently stroking the little head. "Come in sometime and see him." him."
The woman said she would.
"Good-by," barked the hound. "Come in again some time, and I'll tell you about the horses. There are a lot of interesting oases among our liorse patients—particularly the fire horses. And, say, don't forget that I am a fire dog."

WILD GAME IN JAPAN. Hunting, as Understood in Europe

America, Unknown. Tokio Correspondence London Field. Men often ask me about the sport obtain able in Japan, and so with respect to this it may not come amiss if I here explain. Hunting, such as the people of England and Ireland understand it by that term, is absolutely non-existent in the land of the Mikado. Foxes, deer and hares are plentiful enough but Japan's natural features and the methods agriculture followed by its farming classes are all, and most uncompromisingly,

too, against it.
Of candidates for the rifle Japan quite a respectable being three species of bears, the wolf, a species of stag, another of antelope, and, if it is permissible for an old Anglo-Indian to place him in the same category, the wild boar. All are, however, scarce, and getting scarcer yearly, and it certainly would not pay any one to make extensive preparations for going in search of any of them, for, though the Aino, that extremely hairy aboriginal of Japan, hunts them all most assiduously, he will render no assistance to a stranger to do likewise, and as for the Japanese hunter, he is the

most pitiful of shikaris. And then again, the slightest deviation by a foreigner off the beaten tracks of foreign travel in Japan is more likely than not to lead to unpleasantness for him, for suspicion of foreigners and their motives is one of the leading and worst traits in the Japanese character. Not being sportsmen or travelers in the same sense and from the same motives as the English speaking people are, they cannot understand why any one should spend his time in pursuit of objects which—to them, at least—bring no tangible results. To travel they have no objection, but only do so to see places of interest and with some very definite object in view, such as for the spying out of a foreign land or for the gaining of knowledge upon a special subject, but never

for sport.

To revert, however, to the wild game of Japan, it is a pity indeed that matters are as described, for the bears of the land are unique, as well from the point of view of the enormous size, strength and flerceness of one species as from the diminutiveness of another. The first is a great carnivorous brute, a sort of grizzly, who makes nothing of killing and carrying off a fourteen hand pony. Next to him comes a black beset very much like the sloth bear of India, and last of all a diminutive little brute scarce larger than a good sized spaniel, exceedingly

shy and seldom seen. The wolves of Japan are scarce, cowardly and of little account, and found now only n the extreme northern parts of the em pire. The stag is about the size of and make and shape and habits, too, like the fallow deer of England and Scotland. The little Japanese antelope must be a very near relative indeed of the jungle bakri of India, possessing, as he does, the same general appearance and shy habits.

The wild pig of Japan appears to be a domestic pig run wild; indeed, I have seen herds of Manchurian and Mongolian swine, great black hairy beasts, driven through the streets of Pekin, of a far wilder and flercer breed than any wild pig I have come across in Japan. The boars there are, however, of a fair size, but never so tall on the legs nor with such fine tusks as the jungly socar of India. To ride one of them down, as we do his brother of Inde, would be an im-possibility, for, as it would be the case in hunting, so, too, in this sport, the nature of the country would be all against any one

## Blind Man Fell, Then Saw Again From the Kansas City Star.

"There are few men in the plano trade in the West who do not know George Sheets, the blind piano tuner at Parsons," said C. M. Johnson of Parsons, Kan.
"Sheets is an expert in his business. Thirty

one years ago, when he was a youth, an accident caused him to become blind in one eye and shortly afterward the sight of the other one failed and he was blind. "A few days ago," Mr. Johnson continued,

with to sweep up scattered cigar ashes.

"Oh, yes, plenty of handsome carpet sweepers made these days. The carpet sweeper may now be really a thing of great beauty, as it has long been one of literally world wide utility." "Sheets stumbled and fell, striking his head against the pavement with great force. That was in the morning. Within an hour Sheets had regained his eyesight. Doctors say the shock of the fall effected the cure, but whatever it was. Sheets is the happiest man in Kansas to-day."

IN THE PENCE GRAND STAND. THE NERVES OF A HORSE. Racegoers at the Melmont Truck Who

THEM LIKE A WAN'S.

"Mine is the honest natural treatment

naturally more nervous and some

"You have to count on the reaction at first. If he was a little bit nervous in the city it all comes out in the new surroundings. The quiet makes him almost crazy.

"He hankers after his stimulants. He

"gossip."
"Is there danger of eating too much

rank. It's a worse danger that the poor old city horse that's so wise at home won't know the difference between ragweed and

clover.

"Yes, sir, some of the poor devils, either through ignorance or an abnormal appetite, fill up on the commonest weeds that a rube wouldn't touch, and they get the colic in consequence. Burdock or plantain, it's all the same to them.

"But they learn again all they've forgotter, their winter hair comes out between currycombing and relling on the ground, they're full of natural life and ginger, sleek, bright eyed. It's time to exercise 'em a

bright eyed. It's time to exercise 'em a little on the road.

"Three months reakes a new horse out of the ordinary wreck. He goes back to town fit for another season, and I guess when he's all right he don't mind getting in the active swim again. Any man that

in the active swim again. Any man that once gets a taste for the city has to go

back."

"Are there any freaks among your patients?"

"Are there any freaks among your patients?"

"Sure, just like in any sanatorium. Some horses are born foolish, others get peculiar bugs. We humor the freaks and try to get 'em straightened out.

"One fellow wouldn't keep quiet unless he had a silver harness hung above his stall. Another always went into the stable as if he was walking upstairs.

"Sometimes we have to splice a tail onto a docked horse so he can switch away the flies. Then again with an animal that has the habit of running away by getting the line under his tail, we get the doc to cut the cord in the tail, and he'll never run away. That makes the tail hang limp; it's too bad, but you have to do it.

"As for painted horses, we got just one from a racing stable. He was a chestnut gelding, and when the turpentine and kerosene lifted the paint he turned out white with black spots.

with black spots.

"The painted horse has generally been stolen. It's commoner to find scars and defects painted so as to conceal 'em. I've known a crook to glue a bunch of hair over

a bad gall.

"Come out and visit my sanatorium when you're that way." concluded the Jerseyman.

GLORIFIED CARPET SWEEPERS.

Made Nowadays of Glass as Well as o

Many Fine Woods.

"Didn't know there was such a thing as a

glass carpet sweeper? Oh, my, yes," said the salesman. "Been selling them now

for some years. Sides and ends of the body

"The glass carpet sweepers are made

only in the best quality, best sort of brushes

and works, and with the wood part of the

finest polished mahogany and the glass

"What does anybody want of a glass

carpet sweepers nowadays, sweepers of every sort of fine wood and beautifully finished, and with handsome nickel mount-

ings, and all that sort of thing; very hand-

top a fine French beveled plate.

of wood, with a glass top.

Maybe a little, if the grass is rich and

grass

country?

same animai.

faster than others.

torium?"

The Long Island commuter and the old New Yorker got to talking horse the other STRAIN OF CITY LIFE MAY WHECK day. They spoke of the October meeting

Such a fixer the Morse Must be to the Country to the Eurest of Nervous Pros-tration - Street attent of a New Jersey Man Who Rune a Horse manufacture. at the Between teach. "May, why didn't I see you around at the spring meeting?" said the New Yorker Tron't you live handy to the track?"

"Oh, yes," easid the commuter. "But I'm no natural born gambler like you. I like to see a few good ponies occasionally. Horse gets dissipated same as man, said the wise looking Jerseylte. This fast city life wears him all out-designs cars and autos, hearing ten thousand kinds of noises, pounding stone under foot.

He cats quick and irregular, the heatler treats him careless, he gets rad ayed watching the Broadway lights while his owner is If you fellows that go to the races in crowds squeezing together like animale, cooped up on a little backgard of fort doing the motions and notices of a stage mob, could only observe your ridle ness! Why, you looked like a funch of

black cap insects: Who put you hop to our looke like that? saked the New Yorker curiously.

up against the har or attending the theater Perhaps he don't smoke or drink, like his owner, but the fast life affects him. "He associates with crooked cut horses and all kinds of riffraff that's bound to affect his manners and morals. Finally his nerves are frazzled, his liver won't work, "Maybe I was in a balloon," replied the commuter. "It was really a disgusting sight to see you poor little insects waving arms and hollering, swarming out front while the race was on and then disappearhis feet become sore, and unless you send nim out to my sanatorium in the country he's a goner." ing under the grand stand to lay your pultry wagers."

"So you have a horse canatorium in the What else did you observe from your halloon?" asked the other

"I saw you weren't getting your money "Yes, sir. I have been running it for ten worth all right. You paid \$2 and couldn't see the finishes. You had a stage glimpse years and some of my clients are the best people in town. They know I treat their horses like my own and that I don't do like some doctors, who cure their patients of dope smoking by substituting the morphin habit. of the beauties of nature -no flowers underfoot, no sassafras leaves to chow, no hirds in guashot-and then you told everybody the country was fine

"Hold on," said the New Yorker thought the simple life that restores vigor and joy to the worst wreck that ever drooped befully. "I was looking through my field speecs across to a neck of woods one day. There, peeking through the tall iron fence. I saw a mob of sunbonnets with baby carriages, small boys, and farmers with beards tangled in the shrubbery. Could it be possible you got your exalted view from that vantage of rural dishonesty?"

"I was with those peope," said the commuter, firmly. "They were not at all dishonest. They were not trespassing. If Mr. Belmont didn't want casual spectators from the outside he could have put up a board fence. And instead of being all long-bearded farmers, there were present many leading citizens of Floral Park and its vicinity."

"Excuse my laughter," chuckled the fully. "I was looking through my field tween thills. They feel as good as a bank president who comes back to town after two months moose hunting in the Maine woods. You wouldn't know 'em for the

"How often does a horse need the sans "About as often as a man. Some are "Any average horse is bound to need the treatment at the end of summer, if he's Excuse my laughter," chuckled the been driven and mishandled around the

been driven and mishandled around the summer resorts, and also at the end of winter, when he's been doing so much duty outside clubs, theaters and restaurants. He's likely to be worst in the spring, after the winter campaign, having lived so many months on oats and baled hay.

"His nerve is gone. Perhaps his appetite fails, and that may be partly because his teeth have got sharp and need grinding down. He is a victim of neglect and the swift career."

"What do you do first with the wreck?"

"Well, after getting him out to the sanatorother. "The gall of you commuters is the limit! You dare to criticize us square fellows who put up \$2 while you furtively steal a back view! You talk about the poor steal a back view! You talk about the poor seats we had, while you were climbing trees a mile from the finish!"

"Well, let the ethical point go," conceded the Long Islander. "It's a deep question about a man's right to use his eyes, supposing, for instance, he strayed into those woods just to study flowers. I still maintain, however, that we had the choicer location. We saw a good many starts within ten feet of us. We got a better view of the healt tracks than you did, and there

"Well, after getting him out to the sanatorium, we give him a good medical examination. The doc finds out if anything unwithin ten feet of us. We got a better view of the back tracks than you did, and there were two bully steeplechases, with riders thrown, not four rods away."

"Then that fence must have been great for the farmers and sunbonnets," said the New Yorker, smiling.

"You bet it was. As soon as the band begins to slery you see it was. As a soon as the band had begins to slery you see the said the said. ium, we give him a good medical examina-tion. The doc finds out if anything un-common is wrong with him.

"He gets some pills on general principles his teeth are filed, his shoes pulled off hoofs examined for foreign substances and

manicured. We like to cut stimulants at once, which is oats, but some horses need to taper off.

"The idea is to give the patient abso-"You bet it was. As soon as the band begins to play you can hear it a mile and a half to the village—the market gardeners come in from the fields, the mothers hustle through their dishes and the schoolboys ache for the closing of school. Yes, sir, it's a regular procession that meanders across the fields and into the woods to that fence grand stand. Even churchgoers who never saw a race before in their lives wander along that way and make remarks to ease their consciences. Some white haired grandmas tote their camp chairs. A girl or two comes on horseback. lutely nothing but pure air, pure water and green grass, which he nips for himself. He is turned loose in the pasture all day."

"How does the patient act under this treatment?" city it all comes out in the new surroundings. The quiet makes him almost crazy.

"He hankers after his stimulants. He shies at the scenery and is scared by a plow or farm wagon. That soon wears away and he begins to enjoy life.

"Say, you ought to see him gradually wake up to the fact that he was born in the country and that brick walls ain't nature. He pricks up his ears, smells things and gallops and cavorts like mad. He makes friends with the rube horses and likes to stand beside em, listening to their innocent "rossip." chairs. A girl or two comes on horseback The babies bring their bottles. It's quite

family party."
"Do you have any layers?" asked the

other.
"Not yet. But we pass around the dope pages, identify each horse and jook, and pages, identify each noise and look, and the small boys, running up from school, yell out imaginary bets. I suppose we're getting gradually corrupted. Some market gardener or church pillar will be tempted to make book. By that time either the parson will come down and make the trees tremble with his scathing rebuke or we'll all get roasted plenty from the pulpit. We're on good terms with the special policeman who stands inside the fence and he gives out what information he can."
"That's interesting," said the New Yorker.
"Now, old chap, at the first race day you come and sit with me in the grand stand. Join in the hollering with the insects and clear out your system with a good big be "I'll do it as a novelty," replied

RICH MEN OF A MONTH. How Some Suddenly Acquired Fortunes Have Been Quickly Squandered.

replied

From Tit-Bits. The sudden acquisition of unaccustomed wealth is responsible for many strange freaks on the part of the newly enriched. Thus, a Durham collier, after inheriting the sum of £20,000 from an uncle who had emigrated to Australia, purchased a male and female alanhant from a traveling menagerie, had a large and gaudy carriage built, to which h harnessed them, and then drove out with his wife and children till stopped by the police. He spent his money in six months, chiefly at race meetings, and is now once more a humble collier, glad of the comparatively scanty wage that he receives each week from the

clerk in the pay shed. The case of a once popular French novelist s still remembered in Parisian literary circles Reaping a harvest from two or three capital books that took all Paris by storm, the author purchased a palace in Italy, a villa on the Riviera, a castle in Scotland and a town house on the Champs Elysées. It seemed his ambition to possess as many residences as a prince of the blood. Although all these properties were heavily mortgaged, the smash came within a year, and the novelist, loade i with debts that he would never be able to repay, calmly disappeared, and was after-ward recognized as an Arab trader and lord of many caravans plying between Harrar

repay, calmly disappeared, and was afterward recognized as an Arab trader and lord of many caravans plying between Harrar and Jibutil.

The novelist, who had adopted a suitable Arab name, stood high in the favor of the Emperor Menelik. Consumption cut short a career that for variety and adventure far exceeled any romance that the novelist himself had ever penned.

Another "freak cap'talist" was a Spanish lady of Badaioz, who, winning £40,000 in the Manila lottery, collected the money and set out secretly for Paris, leaving her husband and children in complete darkness as to her whereabouts.

Eight months later she returned to her home penniless, but accompanied by thirty huge trunks, the contents of which accounted for the vanished thousands.

On arriving in Paris she had apparently set about spending her money with a will. Clothes of every description and artificial aids to beauty had eaten up the whole of her fortune. Dresses, costly underwear, corsets, boots, gloves and hats, all marked with the names of the most fashionable makers, represented three-fourths of her purchases. In the remaining trunks were cosmetics, false hair, figure improvers, face creams, chin straps, cures for obesity—in short, every kind of article advertised by "beauty specialists" and the quacks who abound in all big cities. Beyond being the best dressed woman in Badaioz for several seasons, she had reaped little benefit from her good fortune.

More extravagant still was the Russian gentleman who gambled away an inheritance of 6,000,000 rubles (£600,000) within a year, and was only saved from complete disaster by the odd chance that he had papered his bedroom wall with hundred ruble notes. He ended by giving Russian lessons for a small fee in Paris.

The exploits of the late Marquis of Anglesey are paralleled and exceeded by those of the son of a wealthy Hungarian sugar refiner. The young man not only had a replica of the Roman Colosseum erected on one of his eatates, but would himself descend into the areas, in imitation of the Empero

carpet sweeper? Well, we use them to demonstrate with, to show, visibly, the operation of the sweeper, and it is a very convenient sweeper, on that account, to the user. You can see through the glass top just when it needs emptying. And then it is a very handsome machine—people buy it on that account.

"But then we make no end of handsome carpet, sweepers, nowadays, sweepers of ings, and all that sort of thing; very handsome carpet sweepers.

"And the carpet sweeper is no longer
kept universally in some closet, as once it
was. You can buy sweepers now to match
the woodwork of any room, or any carpet
or rug. I have seen more than one fine
carpet sweeper with a pretty ribbon tied
around its handle standing in a corner,
itself a sightly bit of furniture.

"Such a sweeper you might find in a
dining room, handy there with which to
sweep up the crumbs; or you might find
one in a library, a dainty machine wherewith to sweep up scattered cigar ashes.

ment.

The Hungarian authorities put a stop to these savage exhibitions, and while the remainder of his wealth lasted he had to content himself with an ordinary circus. He died dramatically, when on the verge of being declared a bankrupt, taking poison at the close of a ferewell feast, to which he had invited his neighbors and tenants.

BRONZE CENTS TRAVEL FAR

THESE TWO HAVE GONE OVER MOST OF THE COUNTRY.

traine notitiers fictore Port Russes in 1463, They Have Heen Turning Up Periodically feer Since Carles 1467,

RAST CHRENOTON, Me., Oct. 7.—There are fee bronze cents, which bear the minimal army of 1982, that have fravoled over most of this country. Their journeying hegan when the Twenty-sixth Maine Regiment was cheampert before Port Hudson, in Aug-

tine day Humphrey Pinhorn and Albert denge, privates in Company F, received as part of their pay a number of new broade cents which were still bright. Wishing to test the truth of several stories they had heard, the two soldiers stamped their inthem over to the auther in exchange gerenta.

The term of enliatment of the members of the reciment expired soon after the fell of Port Hudeen and the two soldiers went lack to their homes in East Orrington, where they have resided most of the time.

In the summer of isas, when Mr. George was in Perticular a momber of a campaign marching clob from eastern Maine, he purchased a duly paper at a newsetand and received in change a brance cent dated 1863 and bearing the initials "H. P." He took the coint act to his friend, who stamped the date "August 20, 1868," on the face and cent it going once more.

In February, 1869, Mr. George sold some lard to a store in Banger and took in payment a bronze cent marked "A. G., 1868," which was the one he had spent in front of Port Hudson. He s'annied it with the new date and passed it along.

The fellowing March Mr. Pinhorn saw a customer at a blacksmith shop pass & marked cent to the blacksmith, and on asking to examine it he found it was the one belonging to Mr. George. He at once purchased it and gave it to Mr. George, who stamped a new date on the surface and passed it along. Nothing more was heard from the coins

until the following June, when Mr. Pinhorn received a cent bearing the stamp of "H. P." from a friend in San Francisco, who said he had read the story about the wandering coins in a Grand Army paper, and chancing to receive the identical coin soon after, he had taken the liberty to return it to its rightful owner. In October, 1871; Mr. George received the "H. P." cent while making change in the post office at Bucksport, Me., and returned it to Mr. Pinhorn, who affixed another date and passed it long again.

The George cent was received by a Grand Army man in Westbrook, Me., in January. 1872, who, knowing the story, mailed it back to its owner. Again it was stamped with a date and sent on its travels. It returned again in July of the same year, having been sent from Dover, Me.

While Mr.George was calling at the home of Mr. Pinhorn for the purpose of showing the wandering cent a meat cart drove up to the door, and in making change for what was purchased the pedler gave Mr. Pinhora the cent that was marked "H. P." By this time the tale of the traveling cent had been published in several newspapers, resulting in having both coins returned as often as once a month.

The owners wishing to avoid publicity as much as possible, both cents were enclosed in an envelope and sent to a seed man in Detroit, Mich., for the apparent purpose of paying postage on a seed catalogue. Seven months later Mr. Pinhorn received the "H. P." cent from an old soldier in St. Louis, who had read the newspaper acounts of the experiment and hoped to forward the movement.

From then on until early in 1876 the Pinhorn cent was recovered five times, once by mail from Worcester, Mass., twice by who had taken it in business transactions, once by Mr. George, who had received it from a friend in Bangor, Me., and once by Mr. Pinhorn himself, who took it at a store in Holden, Me.

The newspapers, having learned revised versions of the story, printed full particulars, and compelled Mr. Piuhorn to send his cent to Buffalo, N. Y., in the hope of losing

lars, and compelled Mr. Pinhorn to send his cent to Buffalo, N. Y., in the hope of losing it. For the next ten years nothing was heard of the Pinhorn cent, though the published accounts had led to the discovery of the George cent in New Orleans, within a few miles of the place whence the cents made their first start.

Not caring to gain publicity through the papers, Mr. George sent his cent to a cousin living in Natick, Mass., giving her instructions to pass it without revealing the facts. In November, 1884, when Mr. George's cousin was in Boston he received the Pinhorn cent from a news stand in return for a dime which he had given for a paper which told of Grover Cleveland's election as President of the United States.

In spite of preasultons taken to keep the facts quiet, the story was printed in a Boston evening taper, which resulted in Mr. Pinhorn feeling himself compelled to send his cent, in company with another one, to Philadelphia for the purpose of getting a catalogue of live stock, advertised by a dealer. Meantime the George cent returned in 1887 and was taken by Mr. George from an Orrington trader. After this Mr. George passed the coin in Bangor, getting it back by mail from Mobile, Ala, in 1895. The George cent was not discovered again until 1904, when Mr. George received it by mail from his cousin in Boston, who had taken it among other change in the ordinary way of trade.

Having proved to his own satisfaction that the coin could not be lost Mr. George put his cent in a drawer of his desk, where it remained until September 21, 1905, when Mr. Pinhorn walked into the George home and held out a battered cent, saying:

"It is no use, Albert, we can never die poor while these things are moving about the country. Here is my cent, which I received by rural free delivery mail this morning from a Grand Army man in Dover, Del., who remembered the story be had read in a Washington paper more than thirty years ago, and sent it home to me, conveying in his letter the hope that I was sound as the cent and hopin

sound as the cent and noping I would live
as long. Let us now take our two cents
and put them at interest in a savings bank,
and when they amount to half a million
dollars our money will build a big\_library
for East Orrington."

n Mr. George's desk. Absent Minded Stanford Professor.

Both coins are now resting in a drawer

From the San Francisco Chronicte. Oliver Peebles Jenkins of Stanford University is head professor of the department of zoology. He is a scientist, and therefore a deep thinker, and consequently often preoccupied and absent minded. His most re-cent adventure attributable to his absent minded propensities is at present furnishing much amusement for the faculty. He was reading one evening after dinner

He was reading one evening after dinner when his wife approached and, touching him on the shoulder, remarked softly: "Olivet, Mr. and Mrs. Branner are coming over this evening, so just go up stairs and put on your other coat."

The quiet little professor complied without a murmur. An hour later, when the visitors had been in the house some time, the hostess excused herself for a moment and slipped upstairs to see what detained Dr. Jenkins. She found him in bed, calmly sleeping.

"Oh, to be sure, the Branners," he said when she awakened him. "I'll be right down. guess I was a little absent minded. I must have forgotten what I came for when I removed my coat, for I kept right on undressing and went to bed."